

Peace Is Dead

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Summary: At the heat of the battle against Drago Bludvist's tyranny, Stoick's eyes fell on some thick wooden pole held up by a single measly rope, whose path if cleared will cut his travel by a good minute. With all his might he swung and released his axe, aiming at the cord. To his dismay, he missed by a minisimal length. It would be a costly miss. Will he make it in time to save Hiccup?

1. One Second

****Warning:** Character death. HTTYD2 spoilers. This was not written with those who haven't watched HTTYD2 in mind (it would be too long and redundant if I did), so you ****_**will**_ **get confused if you haven't.****

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, 1 or 2.**

****Why I wrote it is explained after the story. Any stories published before this one with similar ideas (which I'm sure there will be at least a couple) is purely coincidental.****

* * *

><p>Sometimes, a second could mean a lifetime.<p>

The white Bewilderbeast bravely fought, tusk to tusk, one of his own kind to protect the land and creatures whom he greatly cherished. The powerful beasts dueled in what seemed to be an endless stalemate, each strong and determined-relentless: eyes fierce and roars savage. But, in the blink of an eye and in a moment of hesitation, his opponent had taken the upper-hand and pushed him down to the ground. No screams were emitted, and no gasps either, as Drago's Alpha dragon dove its chained, rough ivories into the defeated Bewilderbeast.

An Alpha had fallen.

That day wasn't the only time a life was lost by a missed opportunity. Stoick the Vast, a burly, hairy man, noticed something horribly wrong: Hiccup had the nerve to face Drago (he should've known), without any sort of intention on defending himself. Instead of feeling his stomach twist in anger, however, his mind was overcome with worry and fright for his son. He bolted forth, fearing of what Drago was capable of doing to that talking fishbone of a Viking. His eyes fell on some thick wooden pole, held up by a single measly rope, whose path if cleared will cut his travel by a good minute. So, with all his might he swung and released his axe, aiming at the cord. To his dismay, he missed by a minisimal length. It would be a costly miss.

With a dissatisfied grunt, Stoick ran up to the weapon that was deeply lodged into the timber and attempted to pull it out. For a Viking who could crush rocks with his head, this was no big deal, and surely, the axe was back in the chief's hand in the blink of an eye. He swung down, cutting the rope, thus finally giving him the path needed to get to Hiccup as soon as possible. He hopped and jumped over rocks and splinters of wood, and a glance towards the situation unfolding some ways ahead of him revealed a worse chance of survival for his son. The beloved Night Fury had lost control of himself, and under the control of the Alpha, turned against Hiccup. And, poor Hiccup, could not-would not-fight back. _Dodge, boy, dodge! _This small of piece of advice was simply common sense, but rarely abided by, and of which Hiccup definitely did not hear.

"Hiccup!" Stoick's voice boomed through the chaos that had dwindled after the white Bewilderbeast's defeat.

"Dad! No!" Hiccup, panicked, turned his attention to his father who had run to come to his rescue. A second he took his eyes off of Toothless was the second the unholy offspring of lightning and Death released his deadly blast.

_No, no, no-this can't be happening! _These words echoed within Stoick the Vast's mind as the scene unfolded in agonizing clarity. Could this be a trick of the mind? He saw, light as day, the Night Fury's blue, purple-ish plasma headed straight for his son, hit him square in the chest, and knocked him back into the icy wall behind.

"Son!" Stoick cried out, his heart swelling with anxiety. Hiccup would be fine, right? That scrawny little kid was tougher than he looked. After all, not any viking could easily claim to be the first "Dragon Rider". Right?

The worried father dove at his child's body, laying unconscious on the cold, hard floor. Frantically, he cleared the ice chunks that pinned the boy down, and hastily cradled the limp body close. This would be a simple repeat of that scene from five years ago, when he thought Hiccup was dead after defeating the Red Death. Right? Stoick will hear the soft "thumps" that will resound across Hiccup's chest, signaling that everything will be fine and dandy. He threw his helmet to the ground and pressed his ear against the youth's chest, waiting, listening, hoping. Two seconds of silence had passed. Just a little longer-the heart beat should be here any moment now. Anyâ€¦| _Noâ€¦| It can't be._

"Hiccup?" A soft cry escaped through the burly man's lips, filled

with sadness and disbelief. "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, respond to me, you-" Stoick shook the body in his embrace, but he knew that he would receive no reply. Nothing from that smart-mouthed, stubborn son of his, the first and finest dragon tamer and rider Berk has ever seen. Tears welled up in the sorrowful father's eyes. If only he could've saved his beloved son. If only— If only his axe didn't miss, maybe he could've made it in time to save him. That second—that single second—was a missed opportunity to see his smiling and proud son ride through on Toothless' back over the cozy houses of Berk. _Why?_

"My son—" Stoick cried. Behind him, his wife Valka had just arrived on scene, along with Astrid, both stopped and gasped at the scene, both in complete disbelief. One lost her son whom she had left for twenty years, another lost her caring boyfriend. The mother collapsed to her knees and shuffled over, tears streaming down her reddened cheeks from the cold, reaching for her child. She shook, she agonized, but she made no sound—Valka just stared at her beautiful Hiccup. Her nails softly grazed the boy's forehead and dove into his hair, feeling the last of his warmth leaving the body.

The only person who could stop them from wallowing in despair was Drago, whose smirk was as venomous as that of a black widow spider. He laughed, celebrated, over the victory he had achieved on this cloudy day.

"I have killed the Alpha!" Drago yelled with his broken voice of his to the sky. He laughed and threw his arms up, swinging his weapon over his head. "This, this is what happens, Stoick, when you dare to go against me, the Dragon Master!"

Stoick was too tired, too disheartened to say or do anything. Poor, poor Hiccup. It was just unfair. There was absolutely no way he could've fought back, or even defended himself against Toothless. The dragon was his first and best friend, and Hiccup truly believed in Toothless and the good of people. He believed that, at the last moment, the Night Fury would be able to snap out of it and return to the kind and dorky little dragon he had always been. Hiccup believed in Toothless until the end.

"This is all your fault," Stoick whispered under his labored breaths. His eyes, stern, glancing directly into Toothless'. The dragon was confused, perhaps curious, sniffing and poking at the cradled body in Stoick's arms. Why was his rider sleeping, so motionless?

Slowly, Hiccup's body was settled onto the ground, and no one could've predicted what would come next. "It's not hi—" Before Valka could finish her sentence, Stoick had grabbed the nearest, biggest piece of ice he could grab hold of, and with a pained war cry, he charged at Drago. He had lost it. Channeling all his might, turning the sorrow incurred from a deep, great loss into wrath and anger, he threw the icy chunk in his hands at Drago. Let it miss, let it hit, Stoick didn't care: all he want was the head of his now-sworn enemy.

"I—" Stoick slid on the ground to pick up the nearest weapon, a hammer, and once again faced Drago. "-will—" His voice bellowed with anger. "-kill you!" He roared once more, and swung at the egotistical Drago, who was surprised (which he shouldn't be). He only had enough time to block the hammer from meeting his not-as-strong skull, but

nevertheless was knocked a couple steps back from the strength of the impact. "My son-" Stoick swung again. "-is _dead_!" Drago could not react fast enough to the chief's madness. "_Peace_" This time, the Chief of Berk summoned all of his strength and finally hit Drago to the ground. "-is dead." His enemy, cornered, fled the scene on a dragon's back. Stoick's gut told him to finish the scarred man off, but his knees were buckling and his mind hazy, himself stumbling.

He saw, from the corner of his eyes, the struggling Toothless under the control of the Bewilderbeast trying to join the ranks of Drago's dragons. _No._ One word came to Stoick's mind. With the best of his capabilities, he launched himself at the Night Fury and pinned him down to the ground, preventing him from ever taking off. "You are not helping the madman. You are not going to kill anybody else. And most importantly, you will never again betray us." The dragon thrashed under his weight, but Stoick would not give up.

Dragon scoffed. "I don't need that crippled excuse of a dragon anyway," he spat, then rode off to invade the peaceful island of Berk.

Even after the madman was long gone, Stoick did not release Toothless from his death-grip. He held the Night Fury, pretending that Hiccup was alive and well, that Toothless had yet to blast his son with his deadly plasma. He started sobbing, his strength and pride torn to shreds, shaking, all while Toothless laid still. The father flashed back to all the quarrels and petty fights, to the events of Red death, to everything Hiccup was and was not. He will miss patting his son on the back and telling him, "Well done, son!" He will miss glancing up at the sky and waiting for Hiccup to come home. He will miss the dinners during which Hiccup could go on and on and on about his map. He will miss anything and everything, for his son was gone.

A warrior had fallen.

* * *

><p>I'm so fucking sorry.

The story idea came from an online multiplayer game called Town of Salem, a murder mystery game. My awesome friend and I were playing it the other day, derping around, etc. I usually set my alias as "Toothless" and she "Hiccup". Long story short, I, as Toothless, was a baddie and she, as Hiccup, was a goodie. It ended with Toothless murdering Hiccup. Later that night she told me, "omg now I'm thinking about what happens if it was Hiccup who died instead of Stoick. OMG YOU HAVE TO WRITE IT." And I was all, "OKAY."

So there you go.

Please R&R, and I might turn this into a series (edit: it is now!). Because, let's be honest here, I created too many plotheoles, and the series of events from here on out will completely diverge from those of the movie.

2. Don't Cry

**Thank you for all the reviews! I'm actually turning this Hiccup

deathfic into a series. Because, well, an idea for a second series popped into my head that sorta/kinda relies on the epilogue of this story. Since I can't just say "hur hur, after Drago and his Bewilderbeast were defeated, yatayatayah," this one-shot has turned into a multi-chapter story.**

Have more sadness. I promise I won't incinerate your feels in later chapters. u v u

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><p>A parent should never outlive their child.<p>

Life can be cruel in that sometimes young lives would be cut short and innocence would be lost when it should not. Stoick, with bow and arrow in hand, glanced sorrowfully at the lonely boat in the distance. On it was the resting body of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, covered by a thin, white sheet. His helmet was placed above his head as a symbol of his leadership, his talents, and of who he was. Stoick did not want to set his son ablaze, but he had to give Hiccup a proper, traditional burial no matter how grey the sky or how bland the commodities. It was only right.

"Today, we have lost a friend. A loved one. A son," Gobber declared. Stoick touched the tip of the arrow to a scorched wood whose core was still burning hot. "A youth cherished by all has perished, but he shall not wither from our hearts." The Chief of Berk pulled the arrow back, his hands unusually steady, and aimed the would-be-projectile at the drifting boat. Gobber's words started to seem more and more like gibberish, but Stoick didn't mind not comprehending, or even hearing, any of it: with each word uttered that described Hiccup, his heart sank further.

He watched, out of respect and admiration, when the Vikings present around him each sent their arrows flying at and hitting the ship after he had done so. A fiery dance engulfed the wooden boat, glorious, beautiful, mesmerizing. Stoick scoffed. What was so _enthralling_ about Hiccup burning into colorless ash?

It was at this point that he realized Toothless was missing. A part of him was glad, because how _dare_ that reptile show his face around here, after he had _murdered_ his best friend? A second part of him, though, was worried for the Night Fury. Undoubtedly, Toothless suffered a great loss, and suffering through it alone would be anything but helpful. He knew, firsthand, how it felt to lose a very special someone (except Stoick didn't murder his wife, of course).

_Where is that dragon? _Stoick trekked through the carnage of what once was a beautiful island. Soon, he spotted Toothless perched on an icy blade overlooking the vast sea ahead. He, like Stoick, was unreasonably calm, perhaps numb from the realization that he had committed the greatest sin anyone could imagine. The burly man didn't have the time to take one step towards the Night Fury before a hideous choking sound was emitted from Toothless' throat. Alert, Stoick stopped mid-step. A moment of silence before another one of those wretched dragon-noise followed. _What? _That was when the man heard, loud and clear, a snuffle. _Is he crying?_

Slowly, Stoick took a seat below the mourning Night Fury, though his

presence was probably not welcomed: as soon as Toothless noticed he had company, he hid himself behind his large wings. Was the dragon embarrassed, for he was a proud Night Fury unable to let anyone see his vulnerability? Or, perhaps, was he just ashamed to face anyone at the moment? Either way, Stoick wanted to lash out at Toothless. It was his fault, after all. But, a part of him who knew better held the anger back. "Pardon him," his subconscious seemed to whisper. _I'm trying. _Toothless was immensely precious to Hiccup, and he was pretty sure Hiccup held no vengeance against the dragon. He was also sure the boy would instantly forgive Toothless if he, Stoick, was the one killed. Hiccup was a kind, albeit highly idiotic, kid.

"Things will be different from now on," Stoick broke the silence with a sigh.

Toothless did not move. _Gah, I can't do this._ He was a Viking, not a therapist, much less so a _dragon_ therapist.

"At least he didn't suffer." Toothless _wailed_. If this was a "How to Make a Dragon Cry" contest, Stoick felt like he would've won first prize.

What now? What should he do now? If Toothless didn't stop with those horrid noises, Stoick felt as though he might lose it and just whack the thing with a giant hammer. That would be disrespectful, but dear Odin not even Valka cried so hard! The sticky hands of Frustration tugged at his shirt, but he immediately swatted it away. _Toothless is sad, let's just focus on that, _he told himself. He let the dragon cry and sob in peace, waiting for the storm to pass, for the perfect moment to say something worthwhile. Comfort was not his forte, but he had to _try_. For Hiccup.

"It's not your fault," he managed to say after silence had engulfed the two. Stoick could tell that Toothless was waiting for more, because he could see those scaly ears of his poke through from above his wings. "You tried to fight that giant's power, but you couldn't-I get itâ€¦ You're not to blame." Stoick didn't know if he was trying to help Toothless or comfort himself. Then, he remembered what Gobber said before he had tuned him out.

"Hiccup is alive!" Stoick said, slightly too ecstatic. Toothless lowered his wing, revealing the saddest, most hurt face ever that it made the man's stomach twist in pain. _Good job, Stoick, now the reptile is expecting an alive Hiccup popping out from behind me.

—

"Hiccup is alive-within us," he clarified, hoping he didn't destroy the last of Toothless' happiness. "So long as you live, you will carry him with you. Wherever you go. Each time you close your eyes, you will see him. He will always be with us, no matter what. Everything will be okay." These empty words started to make him want to cry as well. But, surprisingly, the dragon slowly nodded, then hopped down from his higher spot and curled next to Stoick. _That was unrealistically easy. _Toothless still had that miserable expression of his though.

Stoick sighed. "You know what will make you feel better?" Toothless lifted his head, fully listening to what the Chief of Berk had to say. "Punching Drago Bludvist into his next life!" Toothless was _definitely_ interested. He, however, knew that the Night Fury wanted

to do more, to see more than Drago beaten to a pulp. "Let's go get the others and then we can show that madman what we're made of," he said, standing up and heading back to where he came from. Toothless followed, a fiery intensity burning in his eyes. _Time to make Drago pay_. _

The other Vikings were waiting for the Chief's return, some more patiently than the others. What was clear, though, was that none were high in spirits. Their eyes fell on the approaching Stoick and Toothless and saw ferocity instead of moping faces.

"We are going back to Berk," Stoick firmly declared. "The madman will not hurt anyone else."

"How? We're kinda stuck here," said Ruffnut.

"He," Stoick pointed to Toothless, "can pull us in a ship."

"Stoick, don't be unreasonable," Valka remarked. "It will be too taxing for a lone dragon to do. I'm not doubting Toothless' strength and endurance, no, but I think you've put on a couple extra pounds over the last twenty years." Ouch. That hurt.

"Then what do you suggest we do to get off this island?"

Valka's lips twisted into that of a sly smile.

* * *

><p>I'm a sucker for sappy and cheesy scenes. u v
u

I apologize for the sudden drop in writing quality (this scene was not planned) and for its brevity. I also apologize for how rushed this scene is (but it's not **_that_ **unrealistic**, right?)-Stoick is bad at comforting others, and instead focuses on what he's good at: beating the ever loving life out of Drago.**

Please R&R!

3. Chaos

Hi. I have been staring at the word "The" for the past few days because I kept getting distracted (food, Town of Salem, old friends, games, sickness, etc). Also my brain skipped to the second series related to this one I mentioned and kinda spent a good chunk of time brainstorming for it. Forgive me. : 'D

* * *

><p>The idea Valka had was *not* a good one. Baby dragons. _Baby_ dragons! Riding a baby dragon was like wrestling a giant, furiously flopping salmon, except this fish had scales rough enough to chafe a human's skin raw and the ability to burn someone's face off. Stoick had the best time of his life making sure the tiny reptile didn't fly off on its own and leave him behind to tumble to his death.

As the Chief of Berk, it was almost expected that he would be the one riding on Toothless (being the boss had its perks, right?). But, no, his wife was too concerned that he wouldn't be able to control the tail correctly, and now Astrid was the one exempt from the torture. Awesome. Really, though, how hard was it to control a fin that just opened and closed? Ugh. He just hoped that the wedgy after getting off of this thing won't be too painful.

"So what's the plan?" Stoick heard Gobbler yell from his highly unstable ride.

"Step one: get back to Berk," he answered. "Step two: punch Drago's face."

"Is there a step three?"

"No."

Technically, there was a step three: Stoick just didn't want to inform others of his rather vulgar thoughts concerning what he wanted to do (plus his wife was within earshot too).

* * *

><p>No word could describe the fury that Drago Bludvist felt. How dare that Stoick drive him from his well-deserved moment of victory? For that small act of aggression, he will pay. Of course, he wouldn't be the one to physically suffer, no. Instead, Drago will simply wipe out the island of all traces of ever housing any living beings, human or not. Of course, the madman was sure that Stoick would rush back to Berk and warn his people of an impending danger looming just around the corner. He was also sure that the chief had already guessed what he would do. Drago chuckled, his eyes glistened, his mind wrapping itself around a devious plan. _Not if I get there first. _And everything will be Stoick's fault.

* * *

><p>The island of Berk was as peaceful as always: Terrible Terrors were napping on the wooden rooftops and Deadly Nadders were softly snoring away in their nests on this calm and cool night.<p>

The epitome of peace.

But then, something strange happened. The dragons, one by one, left their owner's side to join a massive swarm circling above their heads. None responded to calls of their worried Viking, and none glanced down towards the destruction that was about to happen. And then, a humongous beast rose from the ocean, towering over Berk's inhabitants and filling their hearts with fear. None cowered, but all were more than uneasy at the sight. The Red Death was nothing compared to this dragon.

"Your alpha is dead!" Drago declared.

The ever growing crowd gasped. Mumbles and whispers spread from ear to ear, some wondering what this strange, strange man meant by "alpha". Did he mean Stoick? Before anyone could make sense of this madman's words, a blast of deadly, icy breath rained down on Berk.

* * *

><p>To say Stoick was enraged was an understatement. The bumpy ride home only accentuated his frustration over the loss he had just recently suffered, and the man was ready to unleash his wrath upon his nemesis.<p>

_Oh no. _Stoick stared, wide-eyed, when Berk came into view. His hammer-happy self would need to wait.

Just after the break of dawn, Stoick had arrived at his village only to see that it was engulfed in an icy fortress, the direct work of Drago's Bewilderbeast. Desperation ran rampant within his heart and mind, wondering how many more would perish at the hands of the madman. Hopefully, his people were just fine (they're Vikings) or gently maimed at worst (if there was such a thing as being "gently maimed").

"Stoick, you're alive!" The Chief heard a familiar voice cheer from below. The Vikings were ecstatic. The belief that one of their most loved one was gone forever was soon banished from their minds. Drago did not kill Stoick the Vast! Of course he couldn't: their chief was one of the strongest and bravest, the hardest of them all to defeat, even against the claws and fangs of fiery dragons. However, when Toothless landed and saw that it was _Astrid_ who hopped from the saddle, their worry filled their hearts anew. Where was Hiccup?

Stoick landed on a patch of ground untouched by ice, and soon found himself swarmed.

"That psycho said you were dead!"

"I'm so happy you're alive!"

"Are you dead?"

Stoick glared at the small crowd. Immediately, silenced ensued until a brave soul gulped and spoke up, "Where's Hiccup?"

The answer was clear.

Stoick didn't need to reply, for his expression answered everything. He carried with him an air of woe, a waft of death, as though he had aged a great deal overnight. His eyes no longer burned with hope and passion like they used to. Looking at Stoick, the Vikings present now knew what Drago meant by "alpha": Hiccup was dead.

"Nice of you to join us, Stoick," Drago cackled with his disgusting, grumbling voice. "Do you like it?"

No response was given to the madman's reply. "Get down here and fight me to the death." Stoick's request made his nemesis laugh.

"How about-" Drago swung his spear, getting the Bewilderbeast's attention. "-instead of a death match-" He pointed the weapon at Toothless. "-I watch you all die?" Toothless growled, head shaking, the beast once again gaining control of the Night Fury's mind. Let it be from fatigue or a weakened will to live, the dragon almost immediately gave in. His eyes, wide, pupils in slits, body stiff,

awaited the Bewilderbeast's every command like a good little slave.

Drago pointed his spear at Astrid.

No!

* * *

><p>Cliffhanger. Very rushed scene. I'm often told that my writing has a very sarcastic tone. I tried to avoid that. Also, listening HTTYD soundtrack on repeat ftw. :D

Two little replies to reviews because they're anonies so no PM's available:

Gracelyn: I can try. :D Though no guarantees, because if it doesn't turn out the way I want it to, I'll dive under a rock and curl into a fetal position while stroking my disheveled ego.

lorde: I'm slightly confused, because Hiccup is kinda dead so..? D'8 But I'll think of something. I always do. *sobs* u v u

4. His World

Hi. Soâ€¦ I have no excuses. I kinda maybe sorta got hooked on making pretty items for another site I frequent. o3o; So before someone shoves me off a cliff for not updating this story in three weeks, I got writing.

Please R&R!

* * *

><p>Stoick's feet were firmly planted on the ground from where he stood, unmoving and motionless. His eyes were glued on the scene that unfolded in front of him, watching Toothless' every twitch and every move. This was it-The Curse of the Night Fury. Every youth who dared to touch the mighty dragon will one day meet a gruesome fate.<p>

The chief's mouth hanged open, not a sound escaping through. He simply flashed back to not 24 hours ago, in which he lost he son. Astrid was practically a daughter to him. How much did he want to move, to scream and shout, to save her! But, alas, Stoick felt powerless for the second time in his life.

The human mind often played tricks that nobody could understand. Stoick saw himself kneeling next to Astrid's cold body next to the sobbing Hofferson's, whispering apologies that would never be heard. He saw himself be hated, not for the deeds that he had done, but for his inaction in protecting his own. More importantly, he saw himself explaining to every surviving Viking how he, Stoick the Vast, was _scared_.

Stoick had to remember that Astrid was not Hiccup.

Hiccup was naive, dangerously believing that dragons would not harm him no matter what. Astrid, on the other hand, was a headstrong

Viking who understood that Toothless was no longer Toothless, but simply a disposable pawn of the Alpha's. While Stoick was busy coming up with a million and one ways to apologize, the young woman ducked out of the way and somersaulted to safety. With her axe gripped firmly in her hands, she readied herself for an onslaught of attacks.

Of course, she couldn't attack _Toothless_. Nobody could. He was Hiccup's best friend, the dragon who showed the Vikings a whole new world of possibilities-Toothless was family.

Drago laughed. "Weaklings."

All hell broke loose.

In the most atrocious of scenarios, Berk's dragons started attacking the village. Was this an act of betrayal? Of war? Even so, the Vikings present grabbed shields and threw away their axes and swords (although some grabbed sticks), because _how could they hurt their friends_?

It was unfair.

How could it be fair? This was no longer a fight of brawl and a test for survival: this was a relentless attack on their minds and hearts. Stoick's blood boiled. _How dare he! _At this point in time, all he wanted to do was bash that villain's face into a lovely piece of sedimentary rock. But first-

"Astrid!" Stoick's voice bellowed.

The young woman didn't need to think twice before evading the last of Toothless' plasma blasts and swiftly getting out of the way as Berk's chief hurled the hammer in his hand towards the Night Fury. Of course, the weapon missed, but it did was Stoick wanted it to do: getting the dragon's attention. Toothless, seemingly furious, growled at the large man and bared his teeth.

All Stoick saw was a bloodthirsty killer, a monster hungry for murder. He shook his head. Hiccup saw a dragon in agony, lost in the control of the Alpha. _Stupid boy. _Stupid father as well. He looked deep into Toothless' eyes as he slowly approached the dragon, like Hiccup had taught him in case he would ever meet a wild reptile. His right hand slowly stretched out in front of him, moving ever so closer to the Night Fury's muzzle. _It's okay, _Stoick told himself. _Everything will be okay. _

From afar, the Night Fury looked angry and malicious. Only at close range could any Viking see that the dragon was shaking, scared, and still fighting for control. His paws trembled and his claws dug deep into the soil, motionless and waiting just like Stoick when the man watched the dragon attack Astrid.

Toothless never expected Stoick's touch to be so gentle.

The callused hand lay softly on the Night Fury's muzzle, feeling the warm air leave with each exhalation. _What would Hiccup do?_

"It's okay," Stoick said. "It wasn't your fault." The sentence came out sounding wrong and fake.

The tired man tried everything from, "Please, Toothless," to "You wouldn't hurt anyone," though nothing seemed to work. Toothless, on the other hand, opened his mouth, readying a plasma blast. Was this it? Was there no way from breaking the bond between the Alpha and him? Was this a futile effort from the start? Should he-no. No, there was no way Stoick would ever say _that_ to the dragon. Butâ€|

Stoick leaned down and sighed. His eyes, unyielding but soft, once again held Toothless' gaze. He had to do this. For his son. "I forgive you," he whispered. These words were heavy, and perhaps an insult to all parents whose child were murdered. But Toothless wasn't a murderer-Draco was.

As if on cue, Toothless shook his head and blinked a couple times, the slits of his eyes widening. He cooed and nudged Stoick, looking like a lost child. _That's more like it._

"You did it!" Astrid cheered. The Bewilderbeast's control was strong, but not unbreakable. Nothing was hopeless, and Toothless returning to them was proof of that.

"Let's get our dragons ba-" Stoick didn't have time to finish his sentence before Draco hopped down from his steed and landed in front of them.

"How did you do that?" he asked in disbelief. "That's impossible!"

This just made Stoick's job much easier. His mind was already brainstorming ideas on how to get that man onto the ground so there would be more of a fight.

"Time for payoff." These words were filled with animosity and venom that it almost scared Stoick himself. Did he really say that? Was he capable of such hate? Yes, of course-his son was just murdered.

Screw shields and weapons: Stoick was going into this fight with his bare hands (if he could punch a Monstrous Nightmare into submission, then a human would be a piece of cake). Poor, poor Draco. Before he had time to think, Stoick had already nailed him in the nose with a full-force punch. This would be a ferocious match between Draco, the so-called "Dragon Master", and the Chief of Berk.

The first thing Stoick needed to do was to disarm Draco. Luckily it was an easy feat, considering the fact that the scarred man was still recovering from the previous blow. The stick was roughly ripped from his hands and thrown several feet away. Stoick didn't stop there, however, because soon he headbutted Draco with all his might (Stoick, though, didn't suffer any damage-he had a helmet). The chief's opponent was now scrambling for a way to defend himself. Maybe his cape? How idiotic. Dragon skin is a great shield against fire. Sadly, it made quite the wimpy shield against a raging father. With a final punch to the jawbone and a kick to the gut, Draco tumbled back.

"It's over," Stoick stated as-a-matter-of-factly.

Draco, holding his bloodied and bruised face, only smiled. "Or is

it?"

At first, Stoick was confused. What did he mean, "Or is it?" A deep growl emitted to his right, and he realized something: while he was preoccupied with beating his nemesis, the Bewilderbeast had positioned himself right over the two. And now, with Drago safely out of the way, Stoick would suffer an icy death. _Great Odin._

Instincts took over, and Stoick bolted for safety. The human acceleration and running speed, no matter how in shape or healthy said human was, would never be able to outrun a Bewilderbeast's blast. A Night Fury, on the other hand, could.

Stoick saw a flash of black and felt himself pushed (or rather, "flung") from his spot, then not-too-gracefully landed outside of the blast zone.

_No, no, no, no, no, no! _"Toothless!" Sure, a dragon could survive flying through fire, but what about encased in a thick layer of ice? Stoick didn't know. All he knew was that the Night Fury saved him from a certain doom. And now both rider and dragon were gone.

Of course, there were many things that Stoick didn't know. For instance, a dragon could, indeed, survive a Bewilderbeast's blast. Another nice little tidbit would be that no Viking or dragon should get in the way of an enraged Night Fury.

From within the entrapment, Toothless exploded forth glowing blue, absolutely _furious_. He screamed and screeched at the Alpha, seemingly _daring_ him to hurt another friend of his. _What is he doing? _With a deafening roar, Toothless hopped onto a lengthy ice spike and shot one of his explosive plasma at the beast. _Is he crazy? _Stoick wondered. A little dragon versus a giant Bewilderbeast more than two thousand times his size? Toothless would certainly lose. But then, Stoick realized, that the reason why Toothless was glowing blue was because the little guy was _overflowing with his plasma_, ready to take down the beast.

Blast after blast, shot after shot, Toothless aimed directly at the Bewilderbeast without a hint of fear. The chief along with the rest of the Vikings, were in awe.

"He's challenging the Alpha," Valka explained. "To protect us."

"Where were you the entire time?" Of course this question had to be asked.

A sad smile crossed her lips. "Rooting for you and helping the wounded to safety."

The Bewilderbeast swung his horns down, destroying Toothless' platform. Such an act did not deter the brave Night Fury, because his attacks did not stop. Not until he knew his home was safe from these ruthless killers.

At the heat of his attack, the Bewilderbeast started to lose control of the other dragons. It was only natural, because who could keep track of their pawns when he himself was being showered with blasts?

That, or the other dragons stopped listening to the Bewilderbeast. It wasn't really clear to Stoick, but one thing was for sure: the dragons, one by one, left Drago's side to join Berk's. Soon, they had a giant army hovering above the small island, all willing to fight back.

This was a testament to their long-lasting friendship and loyalty.

Drago wasn't so thrilled. A slur of curses among other hurtful phrases escaped his mouth at the thought of losing all of the dragons he had worked so hard to amass. He climbed onto the gigantic dragon's tusk, ordering him to do something. Nothing could be done now.

"Attack us again-" Stoick stated. "-and we will _destroy_ you."

That was, _if_ Drago could make it out alive. Hundreds, if not thousands, of dragons started to send their own blasts toward the Bewilderbeast. The large dragon was writhing in pain from the attacks (who wouldn't?).

A beast, no matter how mighty, would one day fall. Today, the Alpha who controlled a swarm of dragons not an hour ago would fall at the hands of his own pawns. With a final blast, one of the Bewilderbeast's tusks broke off and fell to the ground. A "clung" echoed through the air, now perfectly still, followed by the injured dragon's frightened roar. Without looking back, the Bewilderbeast retreated into the sea, dragging an unwilling Drago down with him.

Toothless won.

Drago was gone.

Peace has been restored, once again. Stoick took a step toward the dragon perched atop the ice, but found himself staggering back to where he just stood. He should be happy. Vikings should be happy. But no one cheered. No one smiled. They only sighed, in sadness or in relief, each hugging or petting their own dragons who had returned to their side.

Today, Berk won.

Yesterday, a father lost his whole world.

* * *

><p>A rushed scene just like the movie's rushed climax and denouement, yah? 8'D

Also, there will be one more chapter: the epilogue! And after that, two more sequels! Yes I'm getting ahead of myself, but remember I spent a full month brainstorming and writing the preliminary draft for them. "Every end is a new beginning." C:

5. Epilogue: Peace Anew

Short epilogue that opens many windows. C:

* * *

><p>Clean-up of the aftermath from the chaotic battle was a chore. First, melt the ice, but slowly, because nobody wants a flooded Berk. Second, repair any damaged buildings or rebuild any destroyed buildings. Third, grieve over those lost in the mayhem.<p>

Of all three steps, the third would be the lengthiest and hardest.

Luckily, the village was still stuck on step one. Unluckily, Stoick had nothing but time on his hands, since humans couldn't really breathe fire. Granted, he could always break the ice with his handy-dandy hammer, but then he would look foolish: an hour of work on his part was equatable to a single breath of fire. The chief sighed and dragged his feet as he walked around, taking in the sight of a destroyed Berk. Almost all of the Vikings would need to spend the night in the Great Hall. It wasn't the coziest of places, but at least it was better than to expose themselves to cold of the night.

Food.

Perhaps a lot of people would remain hungry tonight, since their supplies shelter was among those destroyed in the battle. But that was okay-Vikings were strong. Nobody will die if they skipped a meal or two during a lifetime. The problem, though, was that some of them were still not fully grown (thus needing the nutrients) or not fully healthy (the ill and the old). For them, it would be dangerous. Stoick had to make sure to send someone out to fish with the help of their dragons, and he was pretty sure they won't be back until dusk. Just as the chief sighed, a rather frantic Viking ran up, hectically waving his hand in the air.

"Chief! Chief! You gotta see this!" he yelled in between breaths.

Did a salmon bite off someone's fingers again?

"What is it?" Stoick was expecting the fellow Viking to report something about an injury, or perhaps a broken mast or net.

"I-he... w-w-we," the man stuttered. "We found something!"

Stoick would've preferred that he was given more than just a declaration of a find. He gestured the man to keep talking, though he didn't get much.

"It's-I mean... At first it was justâ€¦| _ball_ of scorched wood, but then we looked closer and _it_ was breathing!" Did they find a burnt sheep or something?

"Why don't you show me where you found this 'it'?" Stoick suggested.

And that, the Viking did.

The location that Stoick arrived at was a small ways down a hill near the village, a second path through a patch of grass that leads them

to the boats. The destruction had ripped several bushes from its roots, which laid scattered about, but the land was nevertheless still recognizable. And, interestingly, there was a small, dark thing on the ground surrounded by several other Vikings. _That is not a burnt sheep._

As Stoick neared the crowd, it became clear that the _thing_ was alive and scaly. Like a dragon. Like a _Night Fury_.

The dragon was small, perhaps a baby or a runt-whatever the case was, people were surprised, perhaps excited, because a second _Night Fury_ had visited their island (who sadly got caught up in the chaos that ensued). Perhaps, though, what took Stoick aback was the fact that the little dragon was missing a good chunk of its left foot. It was rather astonishing.

Stoick blinked. A little baby Night Fury. With a missing left foot.

Hiccup?

Stoick smiled for the first time in 36 hours.

* * *

><p>Thus ends this short fic. C:

Just so we're clear, the baby Night Fury is **_not**_ **Hiccup in any way, shape, or form. He's just a Night Fury missing a hunk of his left leg. **

**I would like to thank all of the people who supported Peace Is Dead from start to finish. It was really awesome to wake up and see new reviews, favorites, and followers. I am very grateful! **

There will be a sequel and a sequel-and-a-half, so please keep your eyes peeled! :D

End
file.